

## What Should've Happened by itmakesyoucrazy

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**Summary:** Imagine if Mike was able to tell Eleven he loved her.  
3x07. ONE-SHOT.

## What Should've Happened

AN: Ahh, back with another one only this time it's a one-shot. As cute as it was, I'm sure we were all a bit annoyed with Mike for not saying he loved Eleven when he had the chance and instead became a jumbled mess but hey, he's a kid and she's a kid so they've never experienced those kind of feelings. Buttt, what would happen if he found the proper words and for once, Dustin didn't interrupt them?

Keep in mind, this will pick up right when he's tending to her wound from when the Mindflayer was stuck in her leg.

Although it seemed like rocket science to me at first, I worked up the courage to sit Eleven down and stitch up the gnarly wound she was sporting on her leg. Just looking at it made me feel awful because I could see the pained look on her face when I inserted the needle for the first time. I sure hoped I could figure out my way around the threads and close it properly so it heals nice. The thought of it getting infected was still high risk since I'm a complete screw-up and ruin every good thing I ever touch. Yes, I'm referring to our relationship, if that's what you want to call it.

Maybe I'm just being dramatic but having to care for her knowing that nothing is going on between us anymore and probably never will again cuts deeper than any knife I've ever seen.

Sure, we've been friends before but it was different then and I can't act like I didn't feel anything whenever she was in close proximity, including the first time I laid eyes on her. My mind was telling me to get out while I can because she's only going to break my heart or hurt me by accident with her powers had we ever reached intimacy but my heart always lead me back to her. It was like a gravitational pull.

You wouldn't have recognized me at this moment if you knew me years back. If anything, having any sort of feelings for someone didn't exist in my world. I don't know if it was because I thought I was hot shit or Mr. Independent or just bat-crap crazy, but I'll go with door number three. To be fair though, I was a naive little boy. Now I'm just a little boy, who's crazy about a girl.

So yeah, I am crazy. And I would be even crazier to think that Eleven would ever dream of taking me back. If she wanted me back, she of all people would be the one to make the first move.

After my brain emptied out all my inner thoughts, I snapped back to reality just in time to finish up the stitching, which surprisingly didn't look as bad as I let on.

"Does that hurt?" I asked. Dumb question. She's been through *way* worse than this and despite all of that, she's the strongest person I know. It's difficult to point out another individual who would have successfully escaped Hawkin's Lab with their sanity still intact.

"Mm, not bad," she answered quietly.

I decided to lighten the mood a bit and clear some air between us to reassure myself that things were going to be ok, whether we end up together or stay friends, although friendship is a hard pill to swallow. I just want us to be on good terms.

"You're gonna have an awesome scar. You'll look even more badass." I told her, trying to tuck away any insecurity she may have about it afterwards.

"Bitchin'," she worded, clearly playing along.

"Yeah, bitchin'," I agreed with a grin.

She reciprocated with a small smile and looked over at the cold tiles we were sitting on. Maybe that was my cue to try and win her over. I had to act fast but my dumbass didn't know where to begin. I'll wind up embarrassing myself, I know it.

Come on, Wheeler. How is it that hard for you to say the words you've been wanting to say for a long time? Agh, I've seen enough movies to know that something like this is normal. It's always like this. Especially kids. I'm as good as dirt when it comes to expressing myself and I always thought of it to be negative but maybe it's for the best. I guess it shows how much you care in a weird, twisted way.

"El," I blurted out before I knew exactly what I wanted to say. I couldn't just tell her I loved her right then and there, she would get

up and walk out and I'd never see her again.

She turned to face me, her big brown eyes lighting up like a Christmas tree. "Yeah?"

My throat closed and if I spoke another word, it would come out inaudible or cracked. To me, she seemed all too excited to hear what I had to tell her and I'm not sure if that terrifies me or gives me hope.

I took a second to gain my composure until I found the words that made perfect sense to me.

"I've been meaning to tell you something. It's just..being broken up, it's been hard and I like that you and Max are friends now. It's just...I was jealous at first, an-and angry and that's why I said all that stupid stuff. And it's like I wanted you all to myself and now I realize how unfair that is and selfish and I-I'm sorry."

There was this way about her after I spoke that radiated volumes and the look on her face gave me the impression that everything I was telling her was obvious and she looked hopeful herself although I was too determined to get the words out to fully notice and confirm if that's really what was going on or just my imagination.

"I just like I've never felt like this, you know, with anyone before and they do say it makes you crazy," I finished, praying she would comprehend what I meant. She's watched enough television and movies like myself to notice subtle hints. And the word 'love.'

"What makes you crazy?"

I could feel my insides tightening when I saw that seemingly genuine confusion spread across her gorgeous features. This is where it all goes to hell. *Great.*

"You never heard that term? You know, blank makes you crazy. It's like a feeling and it's when someone can't live without the other and they'd do anything for them and do everything in their power to keep them safe and make sure they're happy. They're the first thing they think about when they wake up in the morning and the last thing they think about when they fall asleep. They can name a million

reasons as to why they're special and important and they care deeply for them but it goes way beyond just that."

Did that just come out of me? Damn, I never thought I could ever be that passionate. How did that happen? Am I dreaming?

"Say it."

My first instinct was to grab her and kiss her but I've already done that the first time I got tongue-tied with my feelings.

After what seemed like forever but it was only a mere three seconds, I gave a sigh of defeat, looked directly into her eyes and allowed my subconscious to say "screw it."

"Love makes you crazy and I love you, Eleven."

My eyes immediately snapped shut and I peeked down at the floor. After not getting a response, my heart started thumping as I feared the worst.

Then, I felt the gentle touch of her hand on my knee, causing me to slowly pick my head back up and once I was almost in full view of her face, her other hand came up to cup my cheek and tilt my head up to meet her eyes.

Against my better judgement, mine flickered to her lips for a brief moment and back to her intoxicating browns.

"Mike..."

Her voice came out in a husky whisper but I was still unsure of what her response was to my confession. The anticipation was killing me torturously.

"...I love you, too."

The last sliver of control I had left came crashing down and abandoning all previous ways I could've approached this, I surged forward and pressed my lips to hers.

Her hands found their way into my hair and the familiar pulling

sensation rippled through my scalp and I snaked my hands around her waist, pulling her closer.

Just as I was about to deepen the kiss, she pulled back but still rested her hands inside my thick locks.

"I heard you," she stated as she opened her eyes.

"Huh?" I was too busy trying to catch my breath but nevertheless shocked.

"Remember that day at the cabin when you were talking to Max? You told everyone to come up with a new plan because you love me and can't lose me again."

*Oh my God. She knew this whole time. She was just trying to get me to say it first.*

"El, I-" her lips met mine once more, halting me from whatever I was trying to say.

"I love you," she repeated, never breaking the kiss.

I managed to pull from her grasp. "You love me?"

"Promise," she assured, smiling.

**THE END**